



Lonely Box



👁 210 ✓ 23 ★ 21

Chapter 1 by Sam I am

As a child, I was told to adventure out more. I never made any friends and no one really liked that. I was put in timeout because I would never listen to anyone or did I care what they had to say. My punishment is now my reward. A box for me to sit in. I call it my Lonely Box.

Chapter 2 by Darkforest



I haven't left it since I was a child. I haven't ate, haven't drank, haven't slept. I haven't done anything in 8 Years. No wonder people thought I was strange.

Chapter 3 by JM



But really, they're the ones who are strange.

My box gives me peace and quiet. It doesn't simply sustain me, it fulfills every need I could possibly have. Outside of my box, people fight each other. They spend a third of their days working, another third sleeping, the final third rushing around in tired hazes while they try to keep themselves clean and fed and relevant to their friends.

Caring about what people think i
unhappy. Not me, though

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uses them out, makes them

All I need is my imagination.

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Chapter 4 by Japhet



Inside my box are series of boxes where I compartmentalize whatever I come up with. These boxes are quite useful as I tend to shift my emotion one after another. Keeps me away from lingering thoughts of inexistence, helplessness, duress... and worse, loneliness.

Only one person was able to snoop in my box. Well, I never met her IRL but she was the first of almost everything I hoped for - attention, time, ears and heart. I somehow let her in my box despite the distance. We were together even though we're 12 hours apart and somehow, I saw a little crevice on my box. It wasn't supposed to be that way, but I didn't mind. I let her in and she fitted in. We were in my box... We are still in my box.

But the distance has started to sink in. Unlike me, her box is open and she is brave enough to get out of her comfort zone. One day, she suddenly said she loves my box... and me. I wasn't ready and yeah... I rejected the chance to take a snoop in her box. We stayed friends though and I shared more of my little boxes.

We talk a lot... But lately, I'm getting concerned every time she doesn't appear online nor talk to me. Has she found someone else's box and felt more comfortable? I can see her activities and she has a lot of people to talk with.

I don't know how long I'll keep my box open for her... The tear on the side of my box is so big I needed someone to keep it together.

Chapter 6 by The J and K Show



But yet i keep room for here if she does come back, if she ever comes back. I wait in my box, waiting, waiting, and waiting for her to answer. But it has been a month and she hasn't answered. That little room in my box is get smaller, and smaller.

Chapter 7 by Wolf Rex



As I wait for her, the tear on the side of my box gets smaller and smaller as my thoughts of her coming back slowly disappear.

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For as I wait and make these boxes, I start to realize how lonely it really is in my box.

My box that I made to seal me away from the world around me, to keep me from the troubles of the world, The Box, the box that became my home.

The box that made me feel like I can never be reached. The place where only I can enter and leave, which has been breached by a single person, one who I thought would never notice me nor come near me if she did.

For as I think of her, my heart begins to beat, as if the thought of her bring out a long lost part of me that was buried deep down inside of me.

As I think of her, the tear in my box that has slowly started to close, has started to open again.

Chapter 8 by writer067



Frantically, I try to heal it. I try to heal the wounds, the tears that are growing more numerous by the seconds. I try to think of other things, but my mind keeps going back to her. Oh, how I miss her. I know I cannot have her back unless I step out of my shell. But I can't, I am too scared. What if she.... What if I.... There are too many what if's. I do not want a what if. So I step out of my Lonely Box and shed my What ifs.

the end

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